The Intermezzo

A MUSICAL MONTHLY

APRIL

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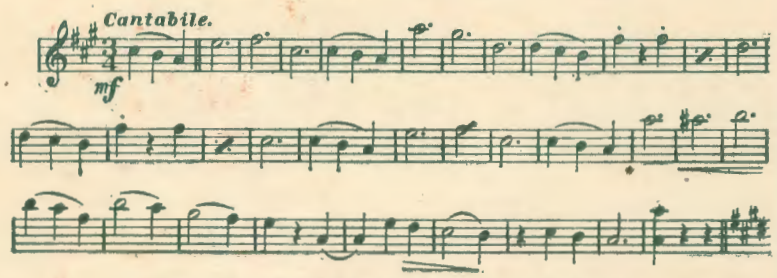

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THE INTERMEZZO.

A MUSICAL MONTHLY.

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THE INTERMEZZO.

A MUSICAL MONTHLY.

ISSUED ON THE 10th OF EACH MONTH.

JOHN STARK, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.
W. P. STARK, - - - - - - - BUSINESS MANAGER.

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210 Olive Street, - ST. LOUIS, MO.

WAGNER.

As Parsifal has been running in St. Louis, we think this a good time to give a short sketch of Wagner. This very much loved and hated composer was born in Leipzig in 1803. His father was a clerk in the police office and died when Richard was but a few months old. His mother finally married an actor and portrait painter at Dresden, named Geyer. It was soon discovered that Wagner was not particularly talented in the art of painting. Geyer died when Richard was seven years old, and while on his death-bed heard Richard strumming on the piano, remarking "Perhaps the boy has a talent for music." He was always refractory—a kind of "wild ass's colt." His sisters' music teacher gave him music lessons, but he would not practice the lessons, but would spend his time picking out overtures and orchestra pieces as best he could, with a fingering that made his music teacher's hair stand on end. The teacher gave him up as hopeless. When he was eleven he composed a prize poem, the subject of which was the death of one of his schoolmates. He was further honored by having his poem printed. This gratified him so greatly that he determined to write a tragedy. He learned English enough to read Shakespeare and actually worked two whole years on a drama that was a kind of cross between Hamlet and King Lear. He worked such bloody havoc with his characters that he had them all killed off before the last act, and had to bring them on as ghosts in order to finish the piece.

Wagner's absurdities reached their climax about this time in an overture which he composed and which was actually played in a Leipzig theater. He was profoundly impressed, but the audience was moved to great merriment by the persistent prominence of a drum which came in *fortissimo* every third measure. He now put himself through a course of counterpoint with Weinlig. He had a prodigious capacity for study and could learn anything, but he would learn only what he chose. At the age of seventeen he had dipped into most literatures, ancient and modern, glanced at science, weighed several schools of philosophy, studied and dismissed the contending theologies, worshipped Goethe and Schiller, hated the conventional drama, tasted politics and been deeply stirred by the music of Beethoven. He was wild, but he was no idler, and dissipation had no place in his make-up. Beethoven was his model, and he early learned the whole range of his works. Haweis says: "Wagner was conscious of his keen sensitiveness to emotion, and his enormous capacity for receiving impressions and of acquiring facts. But to what end? The artistic temperament could give but one answer—*expression.* The seething life within must find outward expression. He looked at the expression media of the past and present, and he felt that the artist of today is the heir of all the ages, and now for the first time can stand and gauge the creations of the past in poetry, painting, drama and music. He looked at each art in turn, weighed it and found it wanting. Each falls short of the reality in some respect. Painting leaves out motion and solidarity. Sculpture possesses solidarity without motion; poetry has no sound color or solidarity; spoken drama lacks the intensity which is the unique function of musical sound to give. Musical sound alone provokes the eternal "why," which can only be answered by associating the emotion raised with the thought.

"Wagner did not believe drama could be carried further than Shakespeare carried it; or music any further than Beethoven carried it; but he did believe that the art work of the future would be in combining them in one splendid and complex organ of expression, fitted so closely about the soul of man as to become the very æolian harp upon which the breath of his life could freely play. Wagner's aim was to make a musical drama in which poetry, scenery, music and acting are to be blended so that each shall have its appropriate share, and no more as a medium of expression. It must present a true picture of human feeling. Such a drama completely exhausts the situation." He wrote "The Novice of Palermo," which was tried and failed. In 1839 with two acts of "Rienzi" in his pocket, he set out for Paris.

His experience in wild weather on the North Sea, which drove the vessel about for a month, suggested to his mind the idea of the Flying-Dutchman. In Paris he "made good" with Meyerbeer and a few appréciative friends, but was reduced to poverty, and had to do the meanest kind of literary work to hold soul and body together. He heard in 1841 that Rienzi had been successfully given in Dresden, which encouraged him to seclude himself and push the Flying-Dutchman, which he finished in seven weeks, and with it he set out for Dresden to superintend its rehearsal. The production was a big success for the composer, and he writes: "I, the lonely, forsaken, homeless man, found myself suddenly loved, admired, wondered at." The Flying-Dutchman was a departure from old forms, and when put on the stage in 1843 in Berlin it failed.

Wagner then wrote Tannhauser, which was the first of his operas on a mythical theme, and a still further departure from conventional forms. Tannhauser started the Wagner controversy—the irrepressible conflict that raged all over the world. Able adherents took up his cause, and one by one the nations were won over until now it is universally acknowledged that

Wagner operas are gigantic in conception and embody the deepest intellectual treatment. The ice was broken, and one after another his great productions appeared and had a sufficient number of admirers to stamp them with success. Wagner dipped into the revolutionary troubles of 1848 and had to flee the country and was in exile ten years. He wrote Lohengrin while in exile, and sent it to Liszt at Weimer, who put it on the stage, and it was a great success. His greater or larger works came fifteen years later, the last of which was Parsifal, which St. Louis people have just seen for the first time. Wagner witnessed its first production, but did not live to see it repeated the next year. He died in Venice February 13th, 1883.

Much more that is interesting might be said of Wagner, who was a truly unique character. He was a little haughty, with the air of one who was not understood or was injured by neglect, but tender-hearted and charitable to a fault. A little episode not generally commented on by his enthusiastic biographers is that he took Von Bulow's wife away from him, but as Cosima (the wife) must have been willing, and Von Bulow didn't object, there was no one to make a fuss about it. If Cosima was looking for beauty she "traded the devil for a witch;" she seemed to be satisfied, however, as "they lived happy ever after." In regard to Wagner's music, which has been the butt of so many jokes, we really cannot see anything in it hard to understand. It is full of melody, and the treatment does not hide it when properly rendered. With this, as with all heavy music, a failure to like it comes from a poor rendering—an utter lack of interpretation. There are harder things in music for the untutored to understand than Wagner.

We will mention in closing that Cosima Von Bulow-Wagner was the daughter of Liszt, and is living and booming the music of Wagner to this day.

RAGTIME.

We did not think that we would say anything further of ragtime for some time to come, but our circulation agents are met with such intolerant ignorance that we will review this blind following of the blind in its rise and progress in St. Louis, for there is just as much good sound sense in this outcry against so-called ragtime as there was in Don Quixote's attack on the windmills. A few years ago, on a day when time dragged heavily, Mrs. James L. Blair wrote for the papers an epic on the evils of ragtime. Of course, the papers rushed it, as they did everything written, spoken or done by the lady at that time. This so encouraged her that she started a free *school of notation* to improve the musical taste of St. Louis. What do you think of that? We refrain from comment. Sanco Pansy would not have done that. It was pitiful. No doubt there were people who actually went to the free school of *notation to improve their taste.* Not long after this comes Mme. Schumann Heinck singing Wagner roles to the lovers of art, and was interviewed to this effect: "Oh, well, the ragtime is typical and natural, and whatever is natural is beautiful. I like it." And right after this comes that great soul, Mme. Duse, secure in the consciousness of her own culture and educated taste and says: "I like the ragtime. It is like the song of the brook, a purling, bubbling stream of music that takes one back to the age of gold. It is refreshing to bathe in it." Then comes a paper from Thos. Preston Brooke, saying among other things, "Ragtime is not a fad and will not die. It pleases the God-given sense of ryhthm and will endure as long as the warm blood flows in the human body—as long as the world shall last. Call it what you will, ragtime is as good a name as any other. It existed ages before our time and will go on for ages after we have been forgotten." Now will the reader shake off the spell and weigh these opinions against the *school of notation?* For many years the name Christian was "everywhere spoken against" and was a reproach. Don't be narrow-minded. Don't be the slave of somebody's prejudices, who perhaps had an axe to grind. It is true that much ragtime is the merest trash, but it is also true that some of it is high-class and touches that spring in the human soul that was sought by the masters, and it is true that some of it is treated in its harmonic arrangement by a master hand, and is good for the student from any standpoint.

Don't be led by a string. Anyone who has American independence will like the high-class ragtime. Anyone who says they do not cannot give a reason. Be sensible. Be honest. "Try all things and hold fast to that which is good." One young lady remarked as she closed the door, "We play nothing but classics." Indeed! How do you play them? Wagner once was walking the street and a military band near by started a selection from Lohengrin. He ran into a confectionery near by and stopped his ears. On another occasion he requested the band-master to play a piece from Rosinni, and thanked him and complimented him on the manner in which he played it. This was the "light music" of the day. It is recorded of Von Bulow that he remarked to a friend: "I'm heartily tired of this heavy music. I would like to steal away to a beer garden and hear something light for awhile." Everyone has heard that old "gag" about the lady up-stairs who remarked to her neighbor in the lower flat, "Oh, I have enjoyed the music so much this morning. I do love to hear Wagner." But it turned out that a man had been tuning the piano all morning. Now, we will wager a corner lot that this same devotee of the classics never let an opportunity pass to express her contempt for "ragtime." It will pay to be sincere. The classics are fine—but there is other music worth hearing. Great writings and orations are grand, but there is more affection in the small talk of the family. Be broad-minded.

HOSPITALITY FOR HOT BISCUIT.

A woman who lately went from a small town to live in the city complains bitterly in the press of what she regards as its inhospitality. Not only did none of her neighbors call on her, but, when she made the advances, in the manner she thought most ingratiating, the advances were scorned.

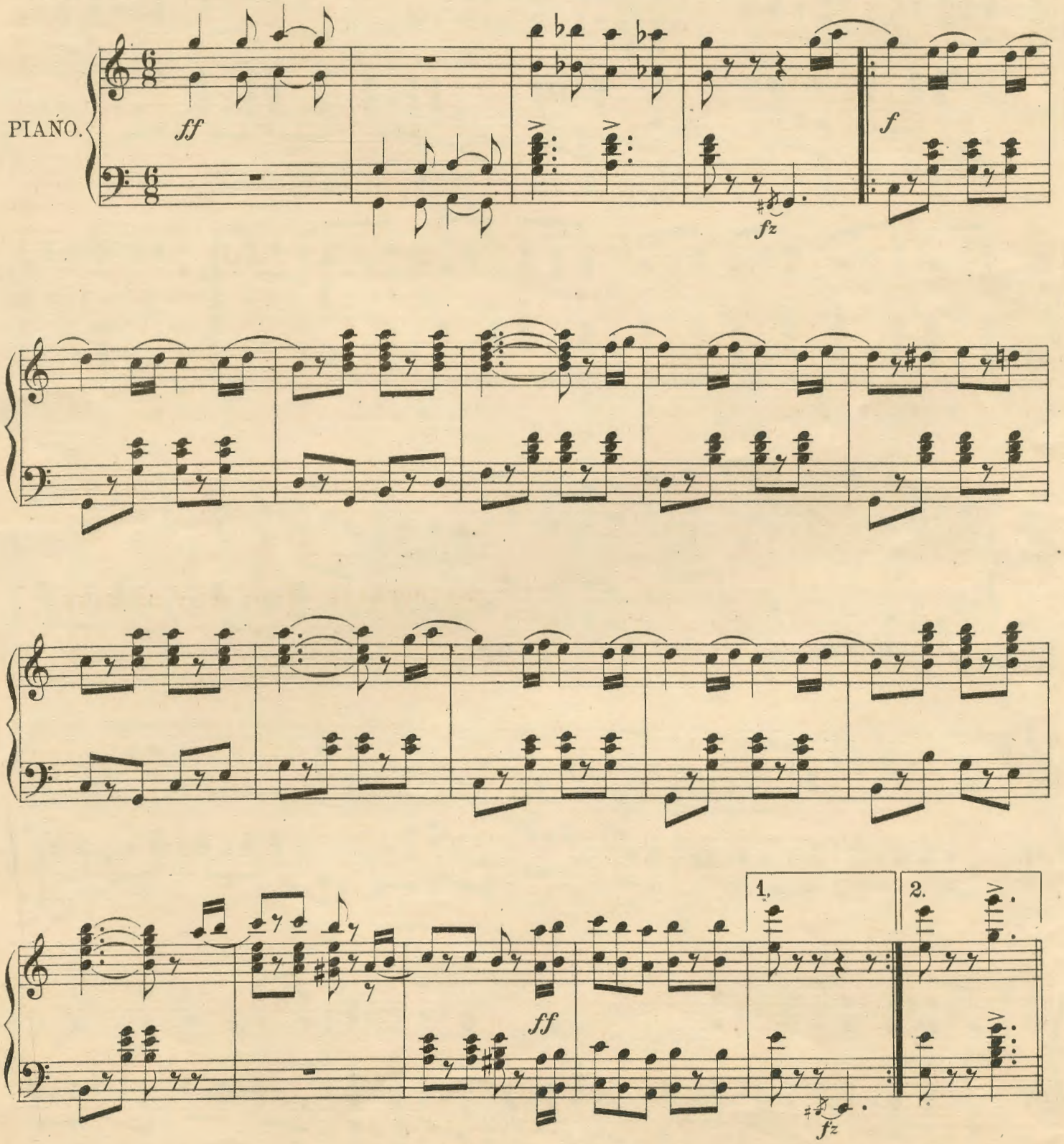
What she did was to pick out a woman whose looks she particularly liked and on the next baking-day sent her a plate of hot biscuits. In the community from which she came this was the most delicate and ingratiating of social advances—not so much a gift of the food of the body as an expression of the desire to receive the food of the heart. But the unfeeling recipient of the hot biscuits sent them back with the message that she could supply her own table. And so the soul of the woman longing for companionship was left forlorn.

In our rural communities every one knows about every one else from the moment he sets foot in town; and as the great social danger is rather too much solitude than too much society, hot biscuits and such pass current as social tender. Every year boys turn up at our colleges who in the innocence of their souls try to make friends by means of little gifts, only to be laughed at for trying to bribe their way. Things are managed differently in the cities; but has any one the right to scorn the gift expectant? For what do most of us bestow hospitality if not for an equivalent—desirable friends, desirable business connections, even such close approximations of hot biscuits as luncheons, teas and dinners?

THE W. M. A. CADETS.

March.

A. DON. STOCKER.



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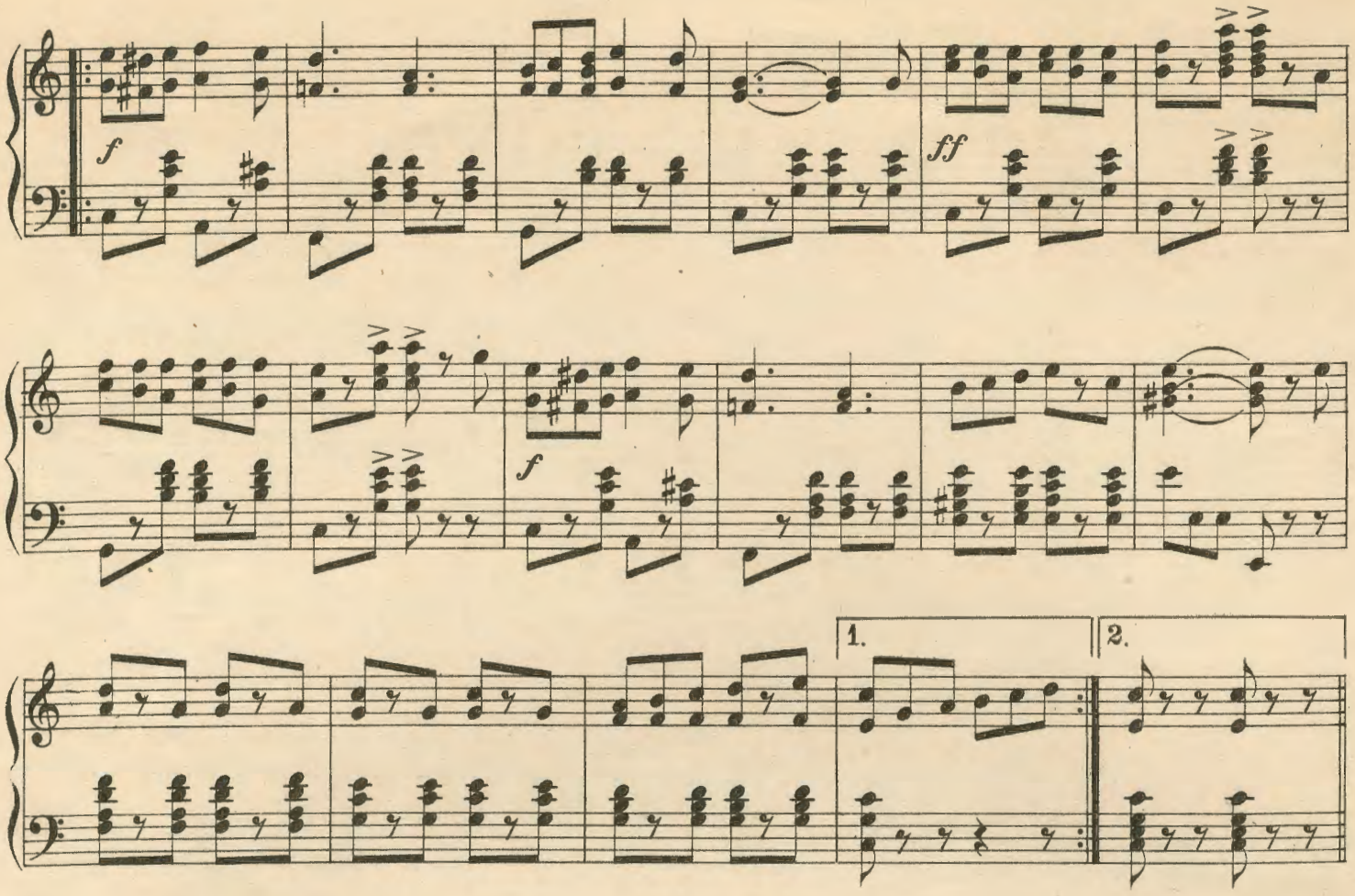
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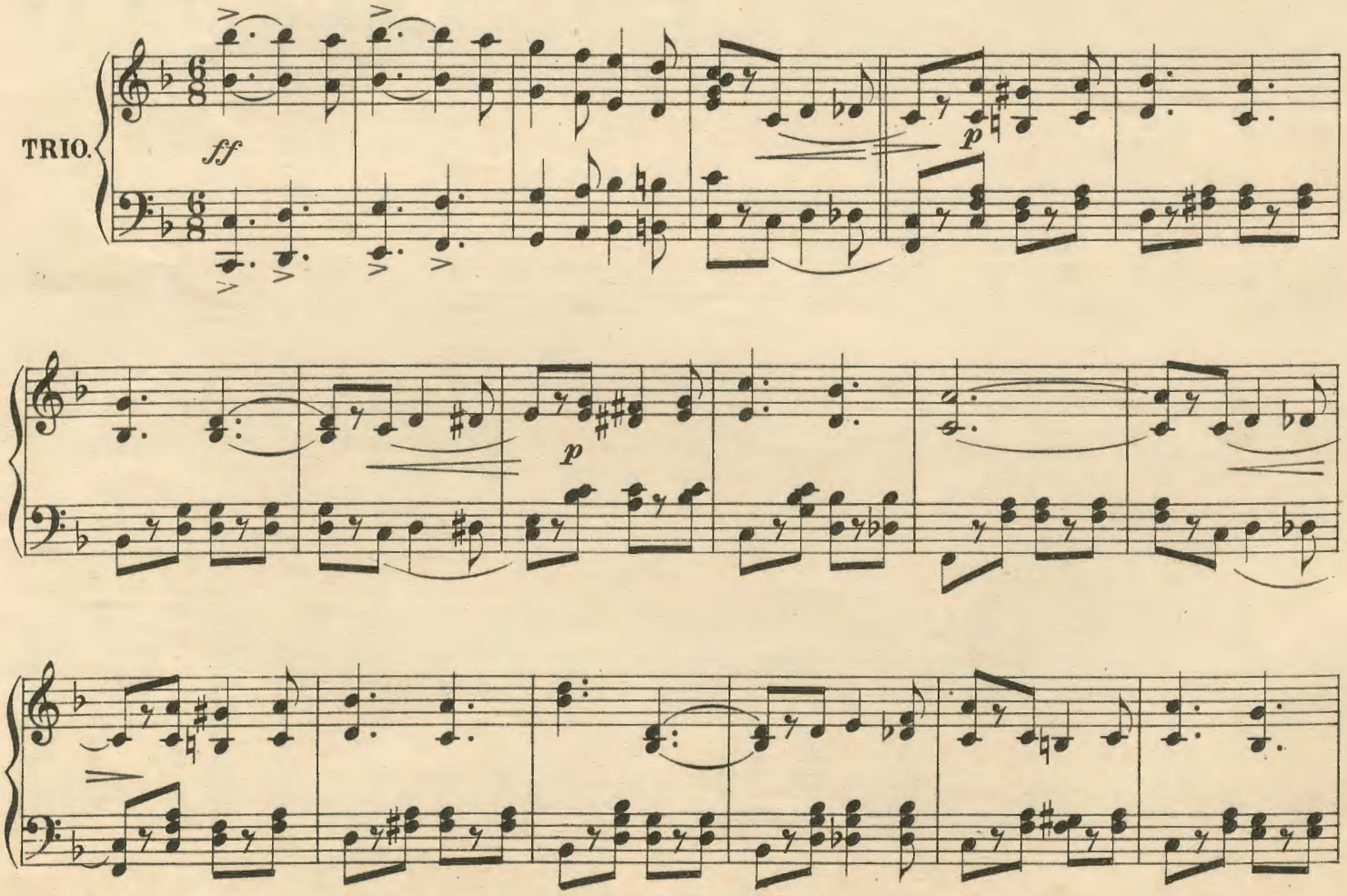
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The W. M. A. Cadets.

THE

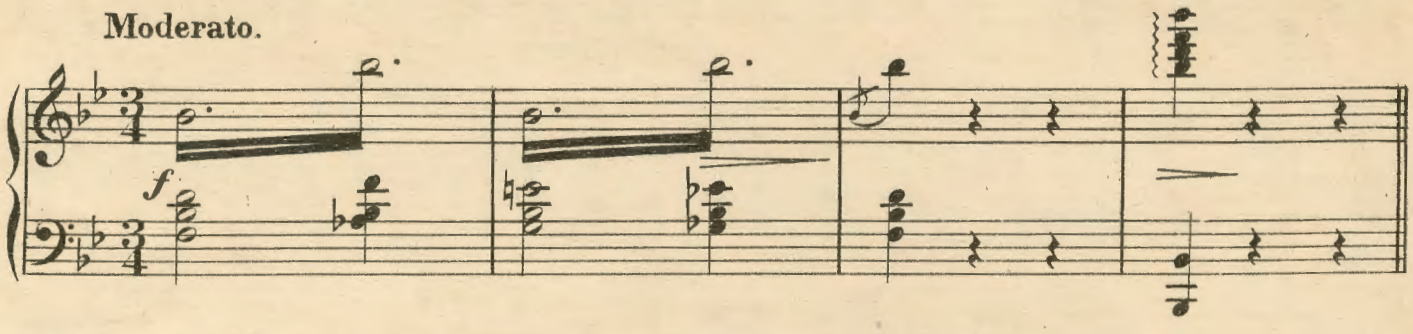
AUGUSTAN CLUB.

WALTZES.

Composed by
SCOTT JOPLIN.

INTRODUCTION.

Moderato.



Tempo di Valse.

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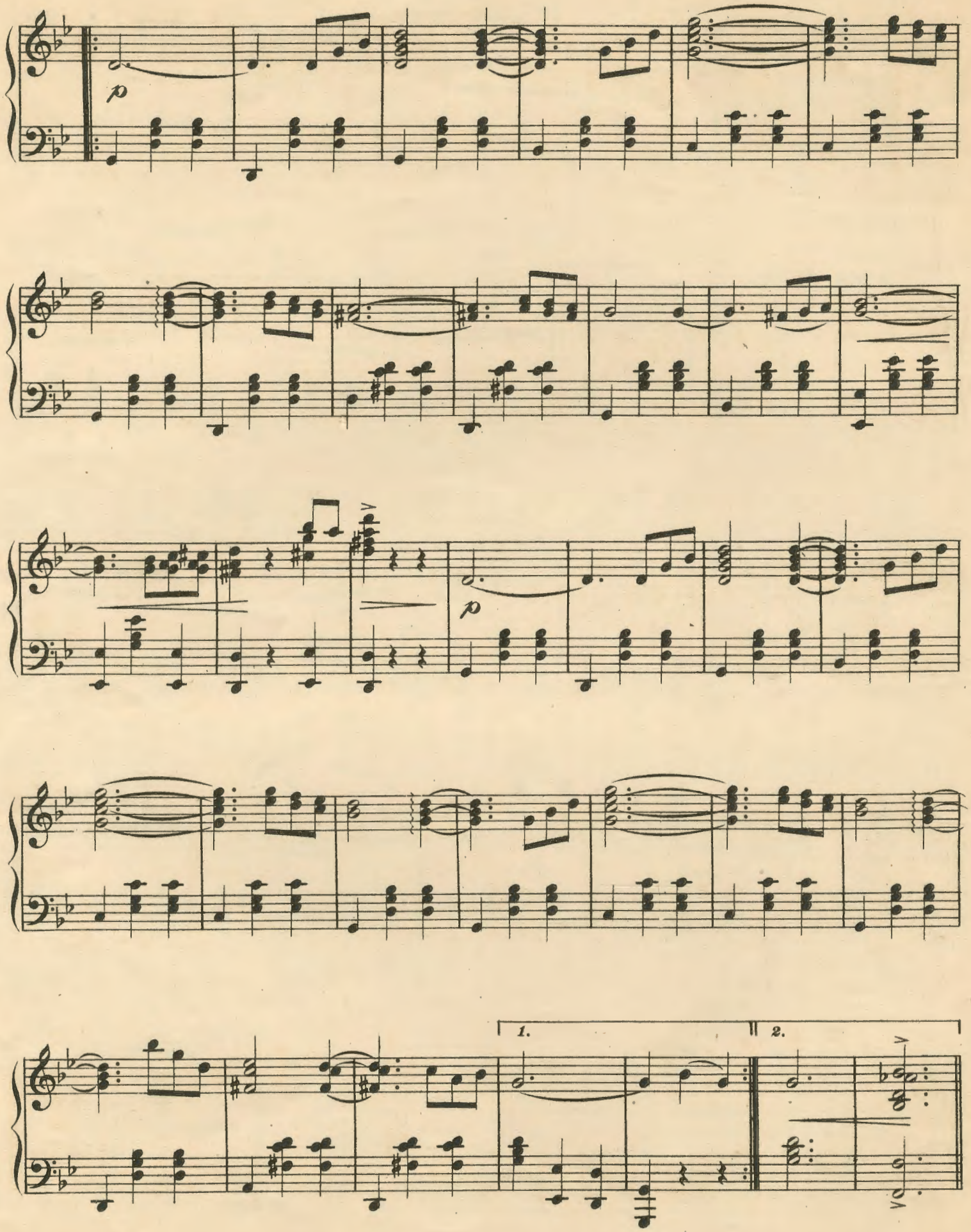
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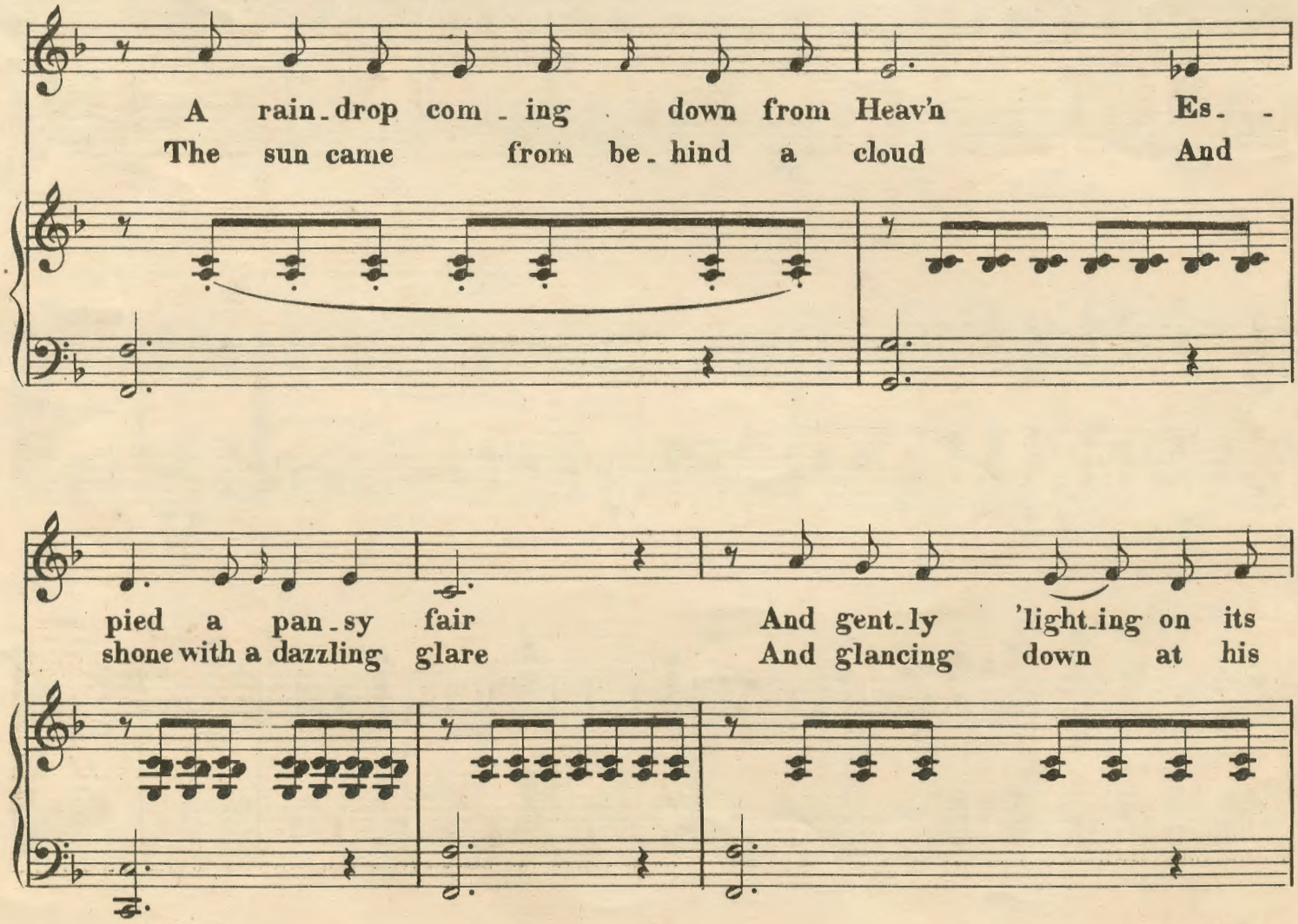
THE RAINDROP AND THE PANSY.

FROM THE COMIC OPERA "AH SID"

Book by
HARRY & J. K. TAUBMAN.

Music by
E. J. STARK.

Moderato.


A rain-drop com-ing down from Heav'n Es-
The sun came from be-hind a cloud And
pied a pan-sy fair
shone with a dazzling glare
And gent-ly 'light-ing on its
And glancing down at his

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up - turned face, A kiss im - part - ed there, Then the
sweet - heart flow'r, He saw the rain - drop there, And

raindrop told its tale of love The dain - ty flow - er sighed How
as he gazed in si - lent wrath From his lof - ty throne a - bove A

much do you love me dear? The raindrop then re - plied. —
mes - sen - ger breeze carried up to him These ten - der words of love. —

DUET.

I love thee more than Life my love Thy love is all to me With

love ____ is all

out ____ thee life is dark and drear I would glad - ly die for

Thee, ____ Press thy ____ lips to mine ____ my love, Thy

heart keep ev - - - er true I love thee dear be -

heart _____ keep ev - er true

lieve me I would glad - ly die for thee.

Fine.

And call - - ing a round him his sun - beams hosts He breath'd a fier - y

ff

blast, But the Pan - sy was true to her rain drop love and shielded him till the last, She

withered and fell on the ground by his side, and their souls took flight a - bove, They are

now u - nit - ed and both still sing, Their ten - der song of love. ——

D.S.

D.S.

And yet (let it be said as gently as may be) the woman of the hot biscuits was a bit unreasonable. She chose, be it noted, the most promising of her neighbors as the recipient of the hot biscuits. From Poughkeepsie to Pasadena every city has its Four Hundred, whose acquaintance is very much desired. If they were all to accept tenders of hot biscuit for hospitality the resulting indigestion would rival that of the pie belt.

To put up the bars against an absolute democracy in society is a measure of mere self-protection.

We have clipped the above from the Saturday Evening Post, which paper condones, if indeed it doesn't approve the cruel act of this worse than Lady Macbeth,—for the vaulting pride of Lady Macbeth only stabbed to death the mortal part of the king, while this modern monster gave the cold steel to proffered good-will—friendship and love—all that is God-given in the human soul. We cannot conceive of such heartlessness. Her blood was cold as a Gila monster. Her calloused heart was devoid of the finer sensibilities. The Post thinks that the "bars should be raised to protect this kind of society from an absolute democracy." We think the bars should be raised high to protect the commonwealth from such self-appointed mutual admiration societies. It is true, as the Post says, that every hamlet has its Four Hundred, but the Four Hundred of Hayville have no dealings with the self-selected of St. Louis, and St. Louis' "very swellest" cannot break into the Four Hundred of New York. These have elevated themselves to a point where they can fling to the winds the common proprieties. St. Louis' circle would not dare to eat at the table with a monkey or dance in public with a negro, and Hayville's Four Hundred wouldn't want to do such a thing. And yet—New York's crew cannot even wipe the dust from the shoes of the London circle, who claim to have lineage in addition to all that New York possesses, for it might be, you know, that the grandfathers of some of the New York set climbed the hill of superiority by running a soap factory or a glue plant.

Some years ago one of the swellest from London came to New York and the Four Hundred fell down and worshipped him. His name was Oscar Wilde (please raise the window). New York fawned and flattered for a glance or a smile from this apostle of estheticism. But, alas! Oscar was "found out," and a knowledge of that beast's sin would make a bunch of saloon bums blush at 1 o'clock in the morning. Let none of our readers seek to know anything more of Oscar Wilde, but raise the bars against anyone capable of snubbing a warm heart's approach with good will and affection.

"Offenses must needs come, but woe be to him by whom they cometh. It were better that a millstone were about his neck and he were cast into the sea."

We will remark here that this does not mean a cruel penalty for a cruel deed, but a necessary end of one whose condition of soul is capable of such an act.

These self-selected Four Hundreds, whose souls feed on vanity, are the envy of a great many people, and this envy is very gratifying to them; but still there are hundreds in each city, of the best lineage and culture who could not be dragged into this professional society with a two-inch rope.

THE CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

Ever since the beginning of this war with Japan the Czar has been seeking and following the advice of the spiritualist or fortune-teller. And now through Vanki, a spiritualist, comes the ghost of Makaroff to brace his nerve, and says: "Go tell the Czar that Russian arms will soon be victorious. Then the Petropavlosk will rise alone from the bottom of the sea." Is it possible that the Czar of all the Russias will listen to such stuff as this? In ages past there was once a general who consulted the Grecian Oracle before risking a dangerous war. The Oracle told him that should he "cross the line or river he would destroy a nation." He went to the attack and destroyed his own nation.

We know how the witches "kept the word of promise to Macbeth's ear and broke it to his hope." We are well convinced that the lower order of spooks often butt-in on the lower moral natures of earth. We think this a wise Divine Providence to check the materialist tendencies of the human race, but their communications are absolutely unreliable. Had we been the Czar we should have thought—perhaps this is not Makaroff—or perchance Makaroff lied. And how do I know that the admiral knows any more about the future now than he did when his ship turned turtle. As we have said, we fully believe that disembodied spirits do make their presence known to man, but they have a decided advantage over the man. What is to hinder Capt. Kidd from masquerading as Abraham Lincoln? And is he any more likely to tell the truth than when he was plundering the merchant vessels of the sea?

Moreover, when they are in communication with a man they **can read his mind and play jokes on him that would deceive the** "very elect were it possible." There are thousands upon thousands of people who take any communication from the dead as gospel truth, whereas the chances are that nine times out of ten it is a malicious falsehood. Our experience is that dabbling in the occult is fooling with a buzz-saw, and our advice is that it is the best thing that we can think of just now—to let alone. The Czar is a puny statesman to let such an uncertain quantity as this influence him to risk the lives of his people. One world at a time is sufficient for business transactions, and if we will use it in forming a spotless character we will be able to deal with the people of the next world on equal terms, when its duties are taken up.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

It was a dark day and threatening. The good Rev. Jolep must go down-town to his study. He looks for an umbrella, but none could be found. The family supply, five in number, were at the shop for repairs. Taking his wife's parasol with pearl handle and fancy pendants, he set out. Seated in the car, he was soon in deep thought on the fate of the wicked, from which he was only aroused by the conductor's call of the street where he was to get out. With his wife's parasol tightly grasped in one hand he reached for another that stood near and started for the door; but just as he had reached it he felt a hand on his shoulder, and turning around, he faced an elderly lady who accosted him in a voice not over-gentle and soothing: "Sir, you have my umbrella;" and as she eyed the other one, she added, "and also your own." The minister, who was by this time the center of attraction in that car and whose face was as red as the title-page to a coon song, stammered: "Why, madam, er—I don't want your umbrella." The lady with a voice anything but sympathetic, replied: "Oh—ah, of course not, excuse me for stopping you." The minister with no time for explanations, left the car followed by a loud laugh from the whole crowd. Wending his way to his study, he could not but reflect on that strange fatality that persistently dogs the steps of the innocent. Safe in his study the episode passed from his mind, while he prepared a sermon on the "Philosophy of Righteousness." Coming time to return home, he thought of the morning's experience, and to guard against its recurrence, he went by the shop and gathered up the family stock, which was again

in working order. With his bundle of six umbrellas, he again took a seat in the car. He was just settling back into a state of reasonable tranquility when he discovered the same old lady who figured in the morning's experience, with her gaze fastened on that bunch of umbrellas. Not wishing to draw the attention of the fellow passengers—for many of them witnessed the tragedy in the morning—he sat in silence, his embarrassment growing with each coming moment. The old lady's gaze had finally attracted the attention of those near—and then comes that strange and persistent adversity that sooner or later overtakes the innocent. The old lady arose to leave, and stooping over, hissed in the minister's face: "I see you have had a successful day of it!" We saw the doctor the next morning, and he said the crisis had passed and the minister would recover.

BURNT CORK.

Mr. Johnsing—Snow, I haven't seen you for a long while; where have you been keeping yourself?

Snow—Oh, I's been roamin' around de small towns (one night stands).

Mr. J.—Well, how has the world been treating you, anyway?

Snow—Didn't anybody treat me—no, sah. How has you been doin', Mr. Johnson.

Mr. J.—Well, sir, I have had great experience. I have been in the Russian army for the last nine months.

Snow—Whew! Was you at Lang-yang, Stalkenberg, Hogi or any of dem places where dey had hard fightin'?

Mr. J.—Yes, sir. I was in it all. I tell you, I saw some strange sights.

Snow—Yes-s-s, it looks strange about Harbin.

Mr. J.—About Harbin? I tell you I was at the front.

Snow—Ye-e-s, looking towards Harbin.

Mr. J.—I assure you that I saw some narrow escapes.

Snow—Yes—when you escaped from the firing line.

Mr. J.—I was in plain sight when that great battleship was destroyed.

Snow—Do you mean that big ship dat turned lobster?

Mr. J.—That turned turtle, you mean—yes, that's it.

Snow—Oh, yes, it was de Admiral dat turned lobster.

Mr. J.—Well, sir, when the magazine of that battleship exploded it threw one man high into the air, and the wind blew him ashore. He lit on the branch of a tree, which broke his fall somewhat, and would you believe it, sir, that man still lives.

Snow—Whew, eu—(that's a whopper). That's nothing—nothin' at all. I was in the Jap army two years. I served one year in the cavalry, seven months on a battleship and nine months in the artillery.

Mr. J.—Here, here, that's four months more than two years, and it has only been one year since I saw you on Biddle street. Come, be fair. (The man who tells the first story has no show.)

Snow—Now, nevah mind de details, Mr. Johnsing, de main facts in dis story am mighty true. Now, you see, I was tryin' to be where danger was de greatest, so I lurked around de magazine mostly. One day I was talkin' wid a Jap who was a settin' on a hogshead full of liddite, and along come a little Jap boy and light a match and reached it down to de—

Mr. J.—Why, the idiot, what was he trying to do?

Snow—'Spose he wanted to see if it was loaded, an' when he reached de powder, whiff she went, and dat Jap went out through de skylight, glanced off de slate roof and broke a church steeple. He came down de next week at half past two o'clock, in de next town nine miles away. He lit on his head on a granitoid pavement and sunk in up to his knees.

Mr. J.—And how did you come out in that affair?

Snow—I'm not figurin' in dis case, sir; I's speakin' ob de Jap.

Mr. J.—And, sir, have you got the nerve—are you so hardened in crime—has falsehood so permeated your soul that you can tell me that that man still lives?

Snow—E-r-r—Naw, he died.

Mr. J.—Ha, ha! His heart failed him. I thought he would say the man still lived.

Snow—I wasn't trying to tell as big a lie as he did.

Middle Man—The orchestra will now start us that exquisite sentimental song, "Where Mount Tacoma Overlooks the Bay."

WEATHER A DANGEROUS TOPIC.

Newitt—Well, there's one thing about the weather. It's always a safe topic of conversation.

Borroughs—I thought it was today when I met Lendham, but when I started to speak of it he said, "Yes, it's unsettled, and that reminds me of that note of yours."

The Amarosa waltzes are having a phenomenal run. Mr. Chrisman, the composer, is perhaps best known by his last "hit," My Mother's Cradle Song. This piece seems unquenchable. After a big run it seems to lay low awhile and then breaks out in a new place. It bids fair to take a permanent place beside Home Sweet Home.

Chrisman says he is not going to rush the Amarosa, but will let it go forth to conquer in its own strength. Of all the pieces composed by Mr. Chrisman, he thinks Amarosa to possess the greatest merit, and is destined to reach the greatest sale.

The Amarosa is of the Spanish type—soothing as elysian dreams.

We would be a little more than human did we refrain from a reasonable degree of exultation at the great growth of THE INTERMEZZO. We will not take space approaching the daily papers in self-laudation, but our modesty would almost exceed the bounds of propriety should we not mention the fact that we are a conspicuous success.

What does the reader think of the future of our subscription list, when we tell you that four families out of five who have pianos take THE INTERMEZZO when they have examined it?

Mr. W. A. Crouse, our circulation agent, has surprised us beyond measure. Our readers may be very sure that we will keep this magazine up to its present standard and improve it where possible.

We are pleased to call attention to the ad of the Gebhardt Piano Co., of Marion, Ohio. We used to know Mr. Gebhardt long ago when he was connected with the Mason & Hamlin Co. It was always his ambition to make a high-grade piano. Quality was always his hobby when selling pianos, and he never connected himself with a house which made low-grade pianos. Mr. N. L. Gebhardt personally is a man of bubbling wit and great good humor. There is always something doing when he joins the circle. We do not know who represents the Gebhardt Piano Co. in St. Louis, or whether anyone does, and we do not know the prices of their pianos; but we assure our readers that if they can get at Mr. N. L. Gebhardt personally and mention the INTERMEZZO, that they will get a high-grade piano and 100 cents' worth for every dollar given him, if you should buy of him.

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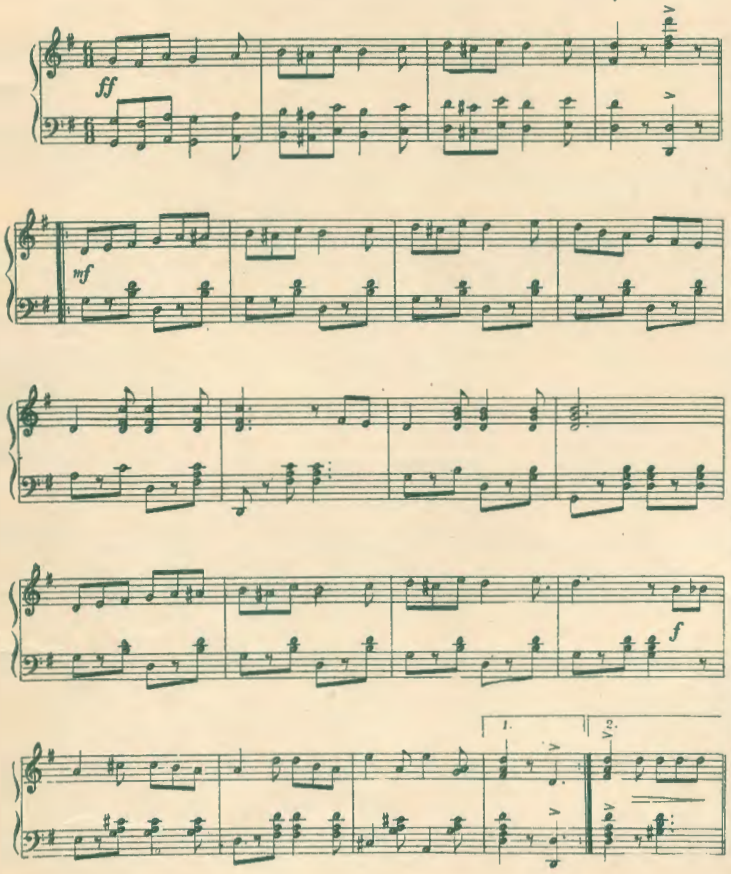
MARCH & TWO-STEP

By W. S. WILSON.
Arr. by Thos. H. Sims.



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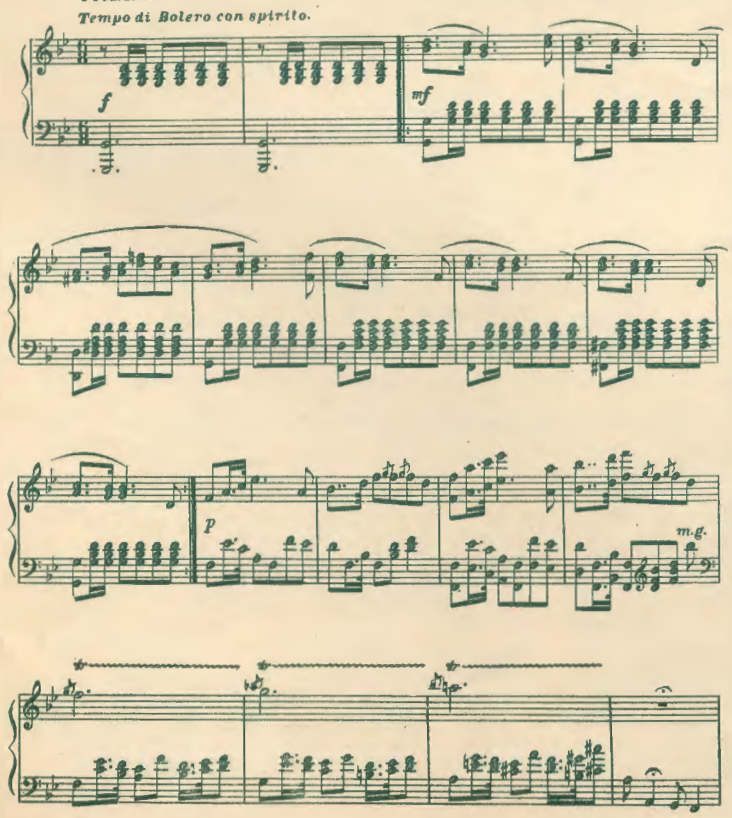
LOUISIANA BOLERO.

SPANISH DANCE.

C. ATHELSTAINE D'NOVA.



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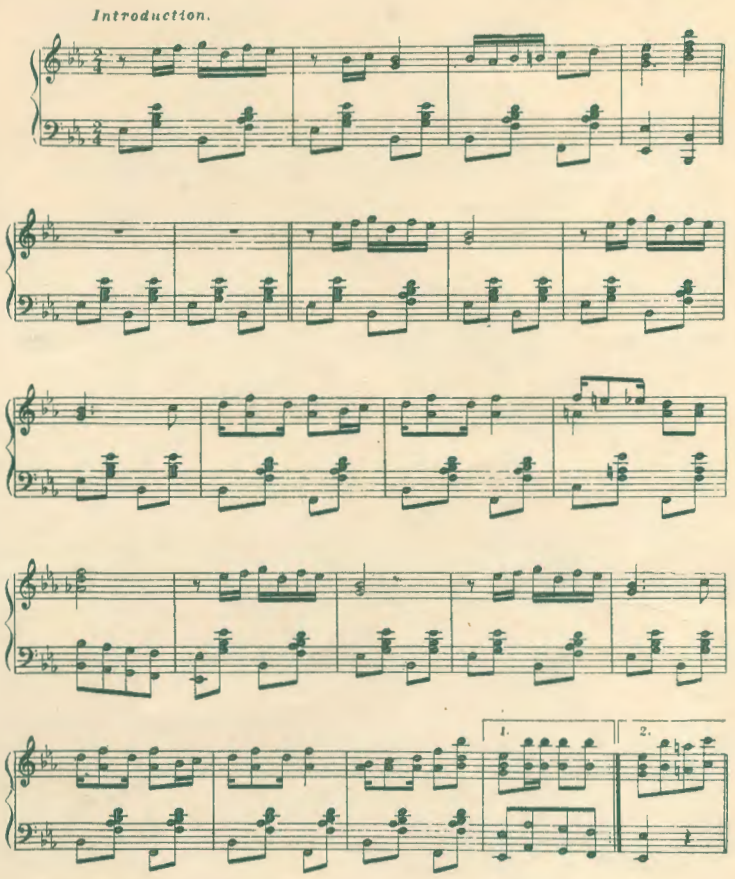
ON THE WHARF.

MARCH and TWO-STEP.

CHAS. L. STONE.



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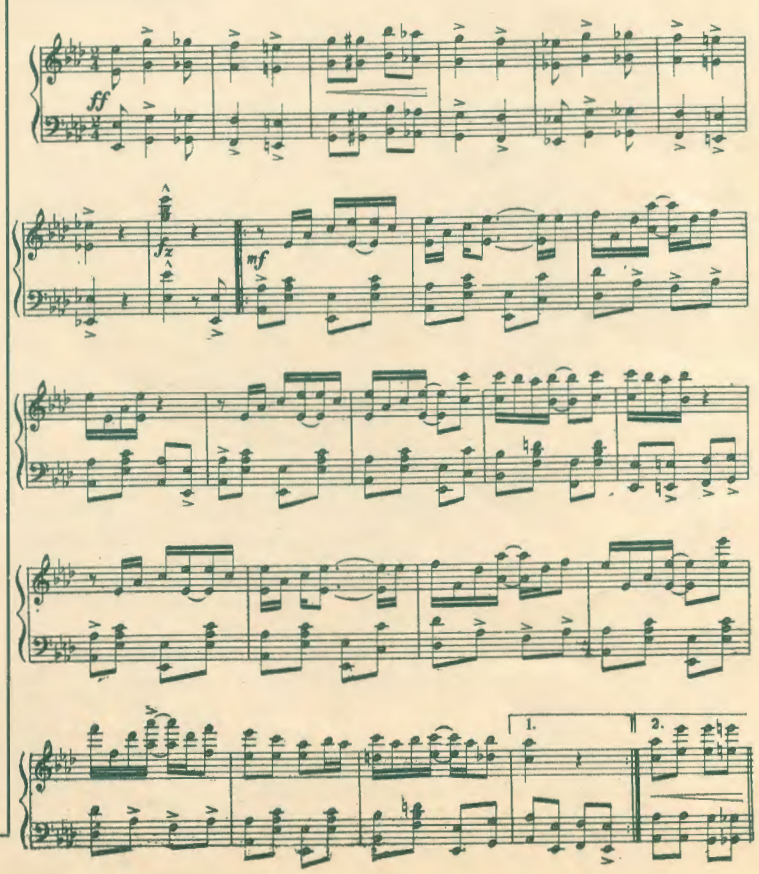
LATONIA RAG.

MARCH AND TWO STEP

Arr. by THOS. H. SIMS. By LEON DONALDSON.



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